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BATTLING NELSON TO MEET TERRY McGOVERN AGAIN

Fight In Philadelphia
Wednesday Night the
Absorbing Event.

SAY TERRY IS BETTER
THAN EVER BEFORE

Big, Strong, and Comes Out of
Training Like a Youngster.
Battle to Be a Royal One.
Fighting to Con-
tinue in San
Francisco.

By JIMMIE BRITT.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 10.—In Philadelphia, on Wednesday night, a man whom we know to be a great little fighter, will meet a man who once was, and who we hope will prove himself to be one again.
That is the way the feeling of the whole fight-world is toward the battle between Terry McGovern and Battling Nelson. Nelson, we know, is the goods, and we all hope that Terry has come back to his old-time form. Wednesday night will tell the story.

I have talked about the "ifs" and "ands" in this fight so much since the articles were signed, that almost anything I can say now will be repetition. But a man who is writing "fight gossip" has to tell what the gossip is, and the Nelson-McGovern fight is certainly the big show in the fight world to-day.
I have been reading all I can find on Terry's training, and unless they have an awful bunch of blind boosters out in New York, the little Brooklyn wonder has come back in an astonishing way. The sport writers who go up to his training camp come back and write yards of astonishment.

Boiling it all down, the general opinion of men who have seen Terry busy with his training stunts is that he is better than he ever was before. Now that is saying a great deal, but they say he is better because he is bigger and stronger. If he has his old wallop to spare and he is coming out of his training like a youngster.

There is all very surprising, but on the other hand, it is not surprising at all. Most of us will find it is all true. Most of us will find it is all true. Most of us will find it is all true. Most of us will find it is all true. Most of us will find it is all true.

Nelson's fighting qualities have been so thoroughly threshed out and talked over for months that there is not much new in my taking up space with them. He is a strong, tough fighter, and does not believe in the meaning of fear. He has a snappy wallop and an aggressive style. It takes heavy metal to hurt him, and if heavy metal gets against him, it will reach him for he is nothing of a boxer. I think that is a fair summing up of the Dane.

The best bet that I can see in that fight is to get somebody to give you odds that the fight won't end with a knock-out. Assuming that both men are going to do their hardest to win, it doesn't look possible that the fight should go six rounds.

When you ask me who will land the knock-out, I have to pass. If I knew exactly how much to believe about Terry's wonderful condition, I might hazard a guess. But all guesses on the fight range from a point-five to Terry there with the goods?

It may seem like an awful break to make, but if the Terror has his old speed and wallop, it would not surprise me at all to see him send the champion to dreamland. This is a reversal of my last week's form, but I had not read what these war correspondents from the East have been sending out when I wrote that letter.

Terry cannot miss the Dane, for he is a better boxer. It is simply a question of whether he reaches his hand enough in the jaw. If he doesn't Nelson is apt to wear him down, and finish him in the last two rounds, and his forcing of the action will give him at least an even break if it goes the limit.

Another point in the Dane's favor is that Terry has nearly always met men who were afraid of him. The men that he fought up to the time of his meeting with Young Corbett were all told that if the Battler starts to take everything away from him, the referee should stop the fight. Terry has not been afraid of him, and he has won the last two rounds, and his forcing of the action will give him at least an even break if it goes the limit.

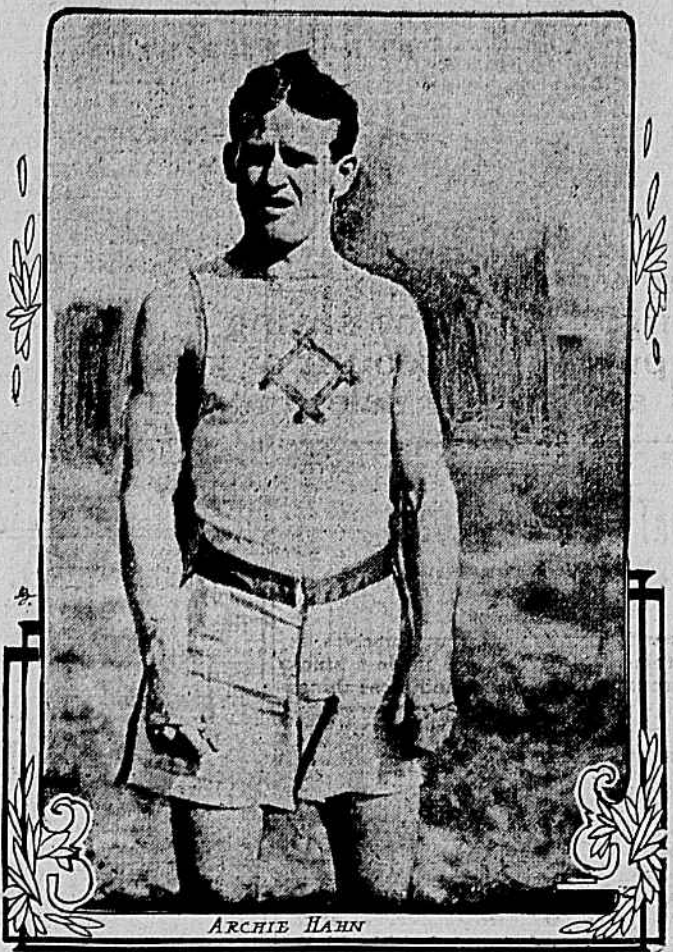
Terry will not frighten the Dane by rushing him before he has his hands up. Nelson is used to that. He doesn't get the knicks out of him, or for several rounds, and in the meantime, he takes about everything that the other man has. There is a point in Terry's favor. For as the Battler starts to take everything away from him, the referee should stop the fight.

My tip is that it will be a great fight to see and a poor one to bet on. The knock-out element is too strong on both sides. Taking everything into consideration from this distance, I think the chances of battle will still with the Dane.

While there seems to be no doubt that fighting will continue unimpaired in Philadelphia, the death of young Harry Terry, after his battle with Frankie Neil, gave the game a bad black eye. It is none of my affair to fix the blame for the lad's death, but some one must have been responsible, and I certainly hope that the responsibility will be fixed and punishment meted out.

I have always maintained and still do, that there are practically no unavoidable deaths in the ring. A perfectly trained

Western Sprinter for Olympian Games.



Archie Hahn, the lively little Westerner, will be the representative American sprinter at the Olympic games at Athens next spring. Before leaving for Greece, Hahn will have one more opportunity to show his prowess on his native soil when he appears in New York on St. Patrick's Day in the games to be held under the auspices of the Pastime A. C. Indians. He will compete in the sixty-yard A. A. U. championship event. Hahn is a high-class man at any distance up to 220 yards. At the Olympic games in St. Louis in 1904 he finished first in the 60, 100 and 200-metre events. Hahn has done the 100 yards in 9.45 seconds at a closed meet of the University of Michigan. He has scored many victories at the distance in ten seconds. Last summer, at Portland, Hahn beat Parsons, of California, and Blair, of Chicago, in the 220 yards.

ITALY'S SON AGAIN TAKES THE PRIZE

M. Grassilli Defeats Roberts, the
English Shooter, at the
Grand Prix.

OTHERS WERE DISAPPOINTED

Mr. Mackintosh, the Australian
Shooter, Had Hard Luck.
Cool Head Counts.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
MONTE CARLO, March 10.—Pate was against him at the Grand Prix de Casino, and the strong wind which carried the pigeons out to sea over the narrow limit proved, with the quality of the birds, trapped by Roberts, the English shooter, too much for him. The prize has gone for the twelfth time to the Italian shooter, although most deservedly to Mr. H. Grassilli, who has outwitted the prowess of his compatriot, Ignor Guidini. The latter's name has been placed, like that of Mr. H. Grassilli, no less than three times on the marble tablets of the stand.

Many disappointments were experienced in the Grand Prix. Mr. Mackintosh, who has been shooting here for years past for Australia, had very bad luck with his birds, and most of those who witnessed the record four days' shoot will endorse the opinion that chance did not favor the representatives of the old country.

Better birds have never been seen, and there was no cause for grumbling, for even when the wind stopped, on the last two days, the English got such "snips" as no man could have brought down. The really lucky man was Signor Marconini, who is deservedly popular among the shooters. The birds seemed as though they had been made for him, and if he missed his twelfth and thirteenth, thus foregoing the honor of the championship, which he has held almost within his grasp on more than one occasion, it must be attributed to that nervousness which surprises so many at the critical moment when a cool head is of so much service. He was beaten by a bird last year by Mr. H. Grassilli, and verified the prediction of those who declared that out of the 175 shooters who took part in the competition, not one would kill his dozen birds in succession. The English-speaking shooters have been defeated. Not one of them has participated in the division, which went among the Italians, the one exception being Mr. A. Lure, who was third, and represents the Argentine Republic. He is a good sportsman and an owner of race-horses in France, while his two brothers are well known here.

HAS HUNDREDS OF NAMES
FROM WHICH TO SELECT

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEW YORK, March 10.—James B. Haggin has just received a list of 30 names from which are to be selected the names of his two-year-olds. The names were compiled by Mr. Haggin's manager at Rhineford, and thirty-seven of them have the word "water" in some way connected with them, so that they can be applied to the get of the stallion Watercross. Mr. Haggin has about 160 two-year-olds, many of them to be retired to the stud with out facing the barrier.

UNIQUE CAREER OF NOAH BRUSSO

The Young French-Canadian Who
Made a Show of Hart, An In-
teresting Character.

WOULD GO INTO THE RING

Family Urged Him Not to, But
He Would Not Heed—A
Clever Athlete.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEW YORK, March 10.—Noah Brusso, the fighter who under the ring name of Tommy Burns, made a show of Marvin Hart at Los Angeles last week, is one of the most unique characters seen in the square circle in years.

Brusso is a French-Canadian, being born in Hanover, Ont., twenty-four years ago. The pugilist came from a good family, and adopted a ring career to the great chagrin of his parents. However, there was no keeping the boy out of the prize ring, as he was so completely fascinated by the sport that he was a professional boxer before he realized it.

Brusso is one of the best all-round athletes in the business. His great physical endurance, which made it possible for him to withstand the bearlike embraces of the gigantic Hart in clinches, has been the result of his most phenomenal endurance in all of those sports, and the stamina required to hold Hart at bay was well earned. Brusso himself says that he didn't want to become a professional fighter, but he simply couldn't help it. He was so carried away with the delights of boxing, he couldn't find enough amateurs to stand up before him, so he had to turn professional to satisfy his yearning for excitement in the ring.

One of the most laughable incidents in Brusso's career was during a lacrosse game in Detroit, when some false wagers were made during a heated moment in a contest with a Canadian team. But even after being exposed Brusso kept in the game and couldn't be induced to quit playing.

WON RACE THAT ENABLED
RYAN TO KILL BETTING RING

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 10.—V. S. Wichard, the trainer who was recently ruled off at City Park, is the man who ran Athlon at Saratoga last summer and won a race which enabled John J. Ryan, of "get-rich-quick" fame, to kill the betting ring. At the time of Athlon's performance it was severely criticized as a form reversal, but the track officials took no action, so far as could be learned. Wichard will not be allowed to train on the Eastern tracks this year, and other turfmen who have been disciplined at the winter tracks for similar offenses will be barred also.

VIEWS OF BAGLEY ON O'BRIEN FIGHT

He and His Pal, Bo, Discuss the
Proposed Meeting With
Palmer.

"IN A BOTTLE, PREDIGESTED"

O'Brien Would Not Meet Huhlin
or Hart, Because That Would
Mean a Real Battle.

By GYM BAGLEY.
NEW YORK, March 10.—My old pal, Bo, butted into my office yesterday and had something to hand me.
"You've been giving it to me for a long time now," he said. "I've got a come-back."
I told him he could have anything he wanted, or anything he could get.
"What do you know about this proposed match between Jack O'Brien and the Englishman, Palmer?" he asked.
"Not much," I made answer. "I believe Palmer is coming over here to meet O'Brien."
"What do you think of it as a match?" he continued.
"Well, it has an international look, any way," I said.
"Bo—getting kind of conservative, aren't you? Right down in your kicks you think that O'Brien is picking a soft one, and you'd respect him a heap more if he tackled harder game nearer home."
"Been taking lessons in mind reading?"
He passed this remark up and went on: "You've got a hold of the wrong end of it. Can you or any one else blame O'Brien for doing business as he does? O'Brien had the choice of two professions—counting money with a pair of gloves or driving a truck. He thought the glove game the better graft, and so do I."
"Yes, I know; but—"

Bo is a Wise One.

"You don't know anything," I wonder how he knew that, retorted Bo. "O'Brien has packed a lot of horse sense, and he's out for the silk-lined paper. He doesn't need boxing to develop his chest or his back muscles. He needs it for what it will bring in the open market. And he has that which is better than the side step or the Jolly Roger wallop—he is a K. C. B."

"What is a K. C. B.?" I asked.
"Knight Commander of the Bull," replied Bo. "When it comes to rolling the bandages on the sally, he's the first and last aid. And that's how he gets his. When he was fooling a dirt cart along the suburbs of Philadelphia, he didn't break his leg, but he got any such literature as 'One-Eyed Like the Boy Destroyer.' He played Socrates, and Hesperus. And from the great Dago authors he learned that a match well made is half won."

Bo—the public expects what it gets. And it will always come back for more. O'Brien might be the lord of a hall-broom and have the wall paper of a halo pattern, and climb out of the window so doesn't care for that. He'd rather be able to stroll leisurely down the wide

(Continued on Second Page.)

HANKINS, CAPTAIN OF WILLIAM AND MARY TEAM

James City Man Has Made
Good Showing in Two Seasons
With the Warriors.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
WILLIAMSBURG, VA., March 10.—G. H. Hankins, of Toano, James City county, to whom one of the highest honors of college life has fallen, the captaincy of



G. H. HANKINS.
(Captain William and Mary team.)

the foot-ball team, first played foot-ball on the William and Mary team of 1904, in the position of right-tackle. In all the hard fought games of that season and the succeeding season, he showed up as one of the star players of the team, repeatedly distinguishing himself for his pluck and general "toughness."
While taking great interest in college athletics, Mr. Hankins has always maintained a high standard in his classes.
He is six feet high, and is well proportioned, weighing 170 pounds. His very appearance suggests the all-around athlete.

CLEVER BALL PLAYERS OF THE RICHMOND TEAM



MR. CHARLES SHAFFER.
Manager of the Richmond Base-ball Team.

SUGGESTS MANY NAMES FOR THE RICHMOND TEAM

Ladies Eagerly Responding to Offer of Season Ticket to
All Baseball Games Here for the Most
Acceptable Suggestion.

If there ever remained a lingering doubt as to the enthusiasm manifest among the fairer sex regarding the Richmond base-ball team for the coming season this can be easily dispelled by a casual glance at the stack of letters given to the Manchester or Richmond lady who sent in the most appropriate name for the aggregation that is to represent the capital city in the Virginia State League.

Last week The Times-Dispatch sporting editor announced that a season ticket admitting a lady and escort to all games played on the diamond here would be given to the Manchester or Richmond lady who sent in the most appropriate name for the Richmond nine. The first announcement was to the effect that the season ticket would admit only the lady who sent in the name. This was followed in the next edition with the announcement that the ticket would be for the lady and her escort. It will read: "Pass to all games Miss — and escort." Of course this means that the two will have the best seats in the grand stand.

Several names have been suggested. Letters have been received from ladies living in every section of the city, and not a few have come from Manchester. One young lady in the West End suggests "White Stockings" as the most appropriate name. From Church Hill comes the suggestion that the nine be dubbed the "Dixie Trotters." "Richmond" is god enough for the young lady who resides in Fulton, and she argues that this would be the proper name. The club will be known as the Richmond Club, of course, but all teams in other leagues have other names than the city from which they hail.

The "Sprinters," "Champions," "Old Dominion," "Pennants" are a few of the names suggested by another young lady, and a letter in a gentleman's handwriting suggests that the nine be known as the "Winners," "Eagles," "Spartans," "Americans," "Players," "Sparks," "Leaders," "Commanders."

A Manchester lady would like very much to have the Richmond bunch named as the "Annexationists." She adds, "for they will certainly annex the biggest portion of the games they play this season."

"I think it would be lovely to have the Richmond team known as the 'Actors,'" writes a young lady from Barton Heights. Fairmount would like to have the crowd dubbed "Expansionists." There are many more names that have been received, and there are many more to come. Young ladies should hurry to send in their suggestions, for the time is limited. Already several of the names have appealed to those who will look over the matter, and without any more sent in, a selection might possibly be made. Add their mite to the testimonial now being raised on behalf of Mr. John Roberts.

"As a marker of many years' standing," he says, "it is my belief that the present popularity of the game is greatly due to Mr. Roberts, and this has given work to thousands where but a few years since hundreds only were employed. I should like to suggest that a subscription list be opened for the contributions of markers, limited to one shilling, and I trust that a large sum may be raised in this way to show their appreciation of the finest player that ever handled a cue."

Hoppe the Favorite.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEW YORK, March 10.—Tom Welsh is of the opinion that Messrs. Andrew Miller and Frank C. Bishop made no mistake when they purchased Handspring as the premier sire for their breeding establishment. Welsh went to Kentucky a few weeks ago to superintend the shipping of Handspring and a number of mares belonging to Messrs. Miller & Bishop to Millstream Stud, at Mount Kisco, N. Y., and says there are not more than two or three stallions in Kentucky that out look the son of Hanover-My Favorite.

"Handspring never really had a good chance in Kentucky," said Welsh, "yet out of thirteen two-year-olds by him to race last season twelve were winners, including that clever filly Flip Flap. At Mount Kisco Mr. Bishop has some splendid mares. There is Zelinda, the dam of Waterbury; Miss Maxine, the dam of Golden Maxine; Mr. Knew It, the dam of Merry England; and a number of others of good breeding, some of which have been good producers. The prospects for Millstream Stud being prominently mentioned in the future history of the turf is very bright, to my way of thinking."

Manager Shaffer Has Ex-
ercised Good Judg-
ment In Selections.

STRONG COTERIE
OF LEADING MEN

Pitchers and Catchers Have Been
Chosen With Utmost Care,
With Due Regard for
Batting Averages.
No Boasts About
Winning.

By TERRY CLEATON.
Ball-players for the Richmond nine in the Virginia State League will report here about the fifth of April, and will practice until the 26th, when the official season opens. Manager Charles Shaffer has signed enough men to draw from, and he expects to have a team that will make the other managers worry a little to defeat.

Writing to a friend here, Charles Shaffer says: "Each and every man comes highly recommended. I have first-class records. I also know several of them personally, and, barring accidents, I am sure that they will make good. I will have a great many more players report here than we will need during the season, but I want to be well-fortified in each position, so that if anything happens to one man, I will have another man to take his place. I will have until the first of June to weed out the players and get within the salary limit—\$800. We don't make any promises about winning pennants at this time of the year. A team can't win games on the street corner or around some hotel lobby. The place to win a ball-game is on the diamond, and the people of Richmond can rest assured that we will win our best game. The team that beats us will know that it has been in a game of ball. Our motto will be, 'Keep at 'em until the last man is out.' The league is going to be a good one."

The fans can look over this list, which was furnished by Manager Charles Shaffer, and draw their own conclusions about whether or not the ball-players are there with the goods.

Catchers.
TED FOSTER—What baseball field is there in Richmond who does not know "Old Red"? He is a heavy, heavy-weight policeman here, who takes Wells, the erstwhile first-baseman, and now an actor man, has a speaking acquaintance with the old hero of the diamond. Last season Foster was behind the bat for the Greenville, Miss., team, and he didn't let 'em steal to second so often that any trouble resulted. He was in excellent condition all through the season, and has taken care of himself since. Experience just bubbles out of Foster. He is a Richmond local. He needs Richmond, too, for he has home, and there are ties that bind him to the Old Dominion City that are too strong to resist.

PHIL HINSON—He's from Baltimore, and isn't afraid to stand under the willow and receive the blazing sphere. The hotter they are the better he likes them. High balls don't bother him. Whether he wears any socks or not he's six feet four inches tall. He saw the light of day in Baltimore two years ago, and, after leaving school, took a special course of instruction on the diamond. He's been a jewel ever since. Baltimore made him weigh 170 pounds. He played in the West Virginia League last year, and the year previous in the Maryland League. As a hitter he has many of the best ones looking to their laurels.

GEORGE COWAN—New Jersey sent this catcher to the Virginia League, and Charlie Shaffer's net brought him to Richmond. He is a New Jersey N. J. but he can't help that, and it has nothing to do with his ability as a ball-player. As a hitter, he is "way up in line." He finished last season with the Newark team in the Eastern League, and batted .300. He is a good fielder, and he says that not less than half a hundred more will do in the Virginia State League.

Pitchers.

GEORGE LEWIS—Hamilton, O., sent this curveballer to Richmond. He stands five feet eight inches, and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. There are no bones in his throwing arm, and he has the doubling process necessary to the bewilderment of the batter. The horsehide slips from his right paw and sails through the atmosphere with a kind of twisting and jumping motion. Barring accidents, the one who hits him in the box. Lewis did the box-work for the Burlington, Iowa, team in the Iowa State League in 1905, and last year was with the Jackson, Miss., aggregation in the Cotton States League until the yellow fever hit in its work. Then he hiked it back to Middletown, Ohio, and finished the season with the Independent bunch there.

ALLEN WALLACE—Here's a Virginian for the slab work. And he's a wonder, too. If records go for aught, Wallace stands six feet and weighs 171 pounds. He's just twenty-four years old. Leaving Craigsville, this State, he rode to Chicago, and pitched for fast teams around that city. Later he skipped out to the Western League, and did good work. Coming back to Chicago, he again put them over in true style.

S. C. SHELTON—He came from Philadelphia. That accounts for his having some initials in front of his name instead of just one little drinky name. In the Pennsylvania State League he was with Pottstown in 1903. The 1904 season found him with the Lancaster aggregation in the Outlaw League. Last year he was with the Camden and Bridgeport teams in the New Jersey State League, and did excellent work on the slab.

C. O. LONG—Believing that all things should work together in harmony, this ballologist, when quite a youth, started growing. He kept it up until last year. He measured and was taken, and there was six feet and one inch of longness found. He weighs 180 pounds, and comes from Bloomsburg, Pa. As a hitter, he is no slouch.
CHARLES NORWICH—Notice he doesn't say "Charlie." That's because he came from Mount Eagle, Tenn., where the sweet oratorical music from Bob and Alf Taylor makes things work together smoothly and pleasantly. He pitched twenty-seven games last season